Mur

[Murray, A.]

Plowden Home Farm
Lydbury North
Shropshire
England
4/11/46

Dear Madam
I enclose a small poem which I composed for your late husband's memory I composed after his death but I have just plucked up the courage to send it to you If you will be kind enough to accept it you will make me very happy

yours Faithfully
Ann Murray
(Miss)

In Memory of a Comrade
In silence he suffered with
what patients he bore
Until God took him home to
suffer no more
Britain loved and lost a comrade
whose friend ally was true and sincere
In long years to come may the
memory linger
Of a smile that gave us good cheer
We are proud of this gallant
comrade for know he was proud
of us
From him we took our courage
and faith
In him we put our trust
He faced the facts and gave us
facts
Never a false hope would he
court

The welfare of our Empire was forever
in his thaughts
He stood with us in our grief and
sorrow.
But did not live to share our
smile
In our darkest days when the
struggle was bitter
He stood with us side by side
It is but love we often wonder
why
The best is always first to die
Our deepest regret he did not live
until the end
Only God knows best why he
took our comrade and friend